

Spartan III: The Legend of Wasp

by Wasp35

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Summary: When a trading planet mysteriously disappears off intergalactic charts, a cry for the Spartan warriors of the past is heard throughout the galaxy. One lone vigilante named Wasp hears the cry and answers... Discontinued

1. Chapter 1

Spartan III: The Wasp Strikes

The year is 2768 A.D. The Orion section of the galaxy is in turmoil. The Covenant forces have risen once again to fight the humans. The Spartan II program was an extreme failure. All that is left of the Spartans is a dust-covered suit that once belonged to the war hero Spartan 117 Master Chief. He bravely sacrificed his life in the battle for Earth in the year 2559. He and four hundred other marines rushed a Covenant stronghold in Chicago to obtain the key to the remaining Halos to stop the Covenant from destroying the galaxy. He died later that week from a plasma shot that burned three inches into his skull.

The Covenant were in shock. How can one man's sacrifice halt a whole army? They retreated into the depths of the galaxy never to be seen or heard from again. Until now. A newly colonized planet on the edge of the galaxy just vanished from the inter-galactic charts. Search and rescue ships only found a plasma-scarred hull of a trading ship where the mighty planet used to be. It drifted like lost memory in the black void we call space. This event echoed through the galaxy and the U.N.S.C. knew what they had to do. A cry for the lost warriors called the Spartans was heard and one man was there to answer. His name is Wasp.

Wasp awoke to the sound of a swamp mosquito buzzing in his ear. "Another typical", morning he thought. He grabbed the mosquito in mid-air with lightning fast speed and crushed its helpless body between his fingers with a satisfying crunch. He is stranded on this forest planet until the four million bounty on his head is lifted. It

is very rare when every major current government official in office knows your name, but Wasp wanted everyone to know his name. His fame came from all the gruesome murders he committed. He is a vigilante, a person putting crime in their own hands. Every planet he travels toâ€ he intends to kill.

His bloodlust started when he was a teenager and his parents were killed in front of his very eyes. The memory of his parent's blood splattered on the walls still burns in his mind today. The man who was thought to have committed the crime was found two days later hanging from his entrails on a tree with the sentence "Wasp was here" carved into his chest. He also had a sniper bullet lodged into his forehead reading "S.L.A.W.", which meant sting like a wasp. Wasp was never seen on that planet againâ€

Wasp grabbed his sniper rifle and left his camp to hunt for food. He was starting to get bored of this routine. It has been four months and he hasn't said a word to anyone or anything. His sanity was slipping slowly away. Suddenly something rustled in the bushes next to him. He raised his sniper rifle and stepped towards the bush and a man in a marine uniform grabbed the muzzle of his gun. Many others scurried out of the surrounding trees and pointed their assault rifles at him.

"You're coming with us buddy!" said one of the marines.

Wasp dropped his rifle and turned to face the marine. After four months of seclusion he finally was able to speak. "Make me." he said. With one swift movement, Wasp assassinated the marine and disappeared into the trees. He would be the last thing any of the marines see.

The marines frantically looked around. Where is he? A knife suddenly flew through the thick air and impaled itself into one marine's throat. He fell to the floor with a thud. Then, two knives came out of the trees and two more marines fell in a pool of their own blood.

" Fire at the trees you fools!" the commander yelled. "This bitch is goanna-", the commander fell to the floor with a knife lodged in his spinal chord. The marines turned in the direction where the knife came from and there stood Wasp. His bandanna covered face stared emptily at his soon to be victims. He slowly walked towards the center of the circle of marines and picked up his stolen sniper rifle. "I'll be taking this backâ€" Wasp said in a badass tone.

One frantic marine raised his rifle and fired three shots towards Wasp. Wasp raised his dagger and held it steady next to his head. The three bullets ricochet of the blade of the dagger killing three surrounding marines. Wasp took advantage of this and raised his sniper and shot the nearest marine in the heart without using the sniper scope. He then jumped onto the nearest tree branch and balanced himself. He holstered his sniper rifle and took aim. He fired four shots onto the hysterical marines below and four of them fell. He quickly reloaded and fired another four shots at the retreating marines finishing off their squad. "Too easy", he thought. "It looks like my hunting is done for the day. He jumped from the tree and looked at all the fallen marines. Each one had a family and dreams, but so did he. He grabbed the nearest body and started to drag it off to his camp where it would be consumed to keep him alive

for one day. As he was walking he heard another noise. It was a sharp whizzing noise like a fly's wings beating. At that time a dart hit him in the neck and he fell to the ground. He looked up at the red sky and noticed that his vision was slowly fading. The last thing he heard was, "The insect was captured, and I repeat, the insect was captured."

Darknessâ€|

To Be Continued in Spartan III: Wasp's Awakening

2. Chapter 2

Spartan III: Wasp's Awakening

Wasp awoke three days later in a concrete room. He was alone. A single window overlooked an urban community. He walked to the window and looked down on all the people going about their business. "Where am I?" he thought.

"You're in the UNSC world headquarters. Chicago to be exact."

Wasp turned around to see a man in a suit standing behind him. "How did you get in here? There is no door." Wasp inquired.

"I have waysâ€| Sit down." The man pointed to a table with one chair. Wasp sat down.

The man reached into his jacket and pulled out a black folder.

He read, "Jack Desman, born 2/28/38, parents killed in 2743, black hair, black eyes, Caucasian male. Charged with 951 accounts of murder in the first degree, 475 accounts of breaking and entering, 42 of burglary, 208 of robbery and 1 of disturbing the peaceâ€|

You are a real badass, huh?"

"I do what I can.", Wasp said.

"What was the disturbing the peace for?", asked the man.

"Wild partyâ€|" Wasp answered.

"If you're such a bad ass, why didn't you help your parents when they were being tortured till their death? Huh? How could you let them die painfully like that?", the man said calmly..

Images of his mother being cut up filled his mind.

"Shut up. You don't know meâ€|", said Wasp angrily, "â€|you don't know what I'll do to you."

"Oh yeah? Do it!", the man said raising his voice.

Wasp then grabbed the leg of the wooden table and snapped it off. He raised it above his head and was about to strike when he saw a .9-millimeter staring him in the face.

"Put it down now.", the man said.

Wasp didn't move. He just stared into the man's face. "I know you want out of this place. Listen to what I have to offer and you might just get it.", the man said. He lowered his gun and Wasp lowered his table leg. "The government needs you Wasp. All those charges will be dropped if you just do what I say."

" I don't even know your name.", said Wasp.

" Carl.", the man said.

"Continue Carl.", Wasp growled.

"Have you ever heard of the Spartan II project, Jack?", Carl inquired.

"Some failure that was. Only one of them lived to see the end of the war.", said Wasp.

"Looks like you've been doing you're homework Jack.", Carl said.

"Those bitchy teachers made me study it in school.", said Wasp.

"Well you're the next Spartan. The government fears you yet needs you. The Covenant are back and we need you to fight. After seeing all those crimes you committed we need someone with your magnitude of violence. The Covenant must be stopped quickly. Please help.", said Carl.

"If it gets me outta jailâ€|sure.", Wasp replied.

"Good. Follow me.", said Carl.

The man walked towards the wall and knocked on it in a weird tune. It sounded like Oly - Oly - Oxen â€" Free. A hidden door opened and revealed a long hallway with men and woman wearing lab coats. They traveled down it and everyone stared at Wasp. And he stared back. After walking for a long 10 minutes they finally reached a room that had the words "authorized personal only" on the door. They walked through the door and what Wasp saw would change his life forever. On the table in the room was a suit that was constantly shifting colors between black, blue and green. It had a 50-caliber sniper rifle next to it. It was the suit of the famed Spartans of legend. One scientist came up to him and said, "Wasp, this is your new home."

Carl, Wasp and the scientist circled the table staring at the armor."This is the new MJOLNIR II type armorâ€|", the scientist was saying. "It was originally created for Spartan 117 Master Chief but construction was halted after his tragic death. We picked up on it again when Roctus V disappeared off the intergalactic space charts. We knew the Covenant would be backâ€|anyway it is changing colors because of the new camouflage system we installed into it. We knew you had a thing for sniping so it should come in handy. Speaking of snipers, this sniper will be your pride and joy." The scientist picked the rifle up like a new born baby. "It has a mechanism that melts metal inside of it into the shape of bullets."

"Soâ€|", Wasp asked.

"You never have to reload! It automatically reloads for you with the bullets it makes.", the scientist finished.

"When do I get to test this baby out?", Wasp asked as he grabbed the sniper rifle.

"The first mission isn't for a few more weeks but we do have a training simulator over there.", Carl said.

"Good. Lets crack some Covenant skulls."

To Be Continued in Spartan III: A Hero Returns

3. Chapter 3

Spartan III: A Hero Returns

Wasp stepped into the MJOLNIR II armor. It fit like a glove. It is almost like the UNSC knows every thing about him. He wasn't surprised. If they already found out his real name, they probably know everything about him. As the suit automatically closed and sealed around his body, a hydrochloric gel filled up around his entire body. It kept him from killing himself with his own strength. It also protected him from any plasma fire that managed to get through the outer layer of alloy. He doubts that will ever happen.

As he walked back down the white hallway to the training simulator, he noticed something weird. He looked down at his armored hand through the visor and saw that his armor turned the exact shade of white as the hallway. No scientist noticed the seven-foot tall, half-ton man walking down the hallway. When he reached the training simulator room, Carl was waiting for him.

"Hello Wasp.", he said.

"How can you see me?", Wasp asked.

"The armor senses any strong feeling of emotion and goes to its neutral color of steel. Your anger against me from before probably triggered its change. You can never seek up on me.", answered Carl.

"And I was just about to have fun with this too.", said Wasp.

"I know. Please step into the simulator.", said Carl.

Wasp stepped through the door and was immediately transported to a green field between two mountains. He was in a valley. He looked up and saw another piece of land that curved around and joined his. He feels like he has been here before and then it hits him. He is on Haloâ€¦|

All of a sudden he realized he was out in the open. He ran for some trees and hid behind their trunks. His armor turned brown as he holstered his rifle.

BumBumBumBumBumBum

What was that sound? He looked through the scope of the sniper rifle's scope and aimed it at the nearest hill. A group of Elites charged over the hill readying their energy swords.

"Find the Demon in the name of the sacred ring!", said the Elite with the golden armor.

"Fight till the death and you will be-", before he could finish his sentence a sniper bullet caught him in the throat leaving him gurgling on the floor. The Elites took out their plasma rifles and looked around them, trying to find the camouflaged "demon". Another shot echoed through the canyon but no Elite fell. Confused, they looked around and noticed that a lone plasma grenade had been knocked off one of their belts. The grenade exploded leaving no casualties but all decapitated or unconscious. One Elite awoke from his unconsciousness to find himself staring into the face of Wasp. The Elite went to go for his energy sword but realized he couldn't. He looked down at his torso and saw that the explosion mangled his arms. The last thing the Elite saw was Wasp holding his active energy sword and bringing its energy onto his face. Wasp inactivated the energy sword and stuck it in his ammo belt as if nothing happened. He walked away looking for his next prey. His camouflage activated and he disappeared into the green of the field.

"Wasp can you hear me", voiced Carl over the suit's communication channel.

"Loud and clear", said Wasp.

"I'm picking up marine distress calls from a nearby structure. You better check it out." , said Carl.

"How are there marines in a training simulator though.", asked Wasp.

"I'll talk about that la-"

"This isn't a sim' is it.", said Wasp.

The comm. link went dead and Carl did not answer.

Wasp turned around and saw what was causing the channel's disturbance. Two Banshee fliers were inbound on his position and started to fire their plasma.

"Bring it on", said Wasp as he fired two shots from his sniper.

4. Chapter 4

Spartan III: The Rescue

The two pilots reared to the side trying to dodge the incoming bullets but it was too late. The two shots pierced the hulls of both Banshees instantly killing whatever being was unfortunate enough to be inside it. The Elite corpses fell out of their cockpits and hit the ground with a loud crunch. The pilot-less Banshees also came tumbling out of the sky landing on the Elite corpses crushing their lifeless bodies even more into the ground. "Thanks for the ride",

whispered Wasp as he climbed into the nearest Banshee.

He slid inside the cockpit and the hatch immediately closed behind him. He pressed a red button and the Banshee rose off the ground hovering in mid-air. He grabbed hold of the single joystick and slowly tilted it back. Wasp was surprised at how similar the Covenant's flight mechanics were to human vessels. He pressed a flashing purple button and the Banshee picked up speed. He looked through his tiny target finder and was surprised at what he saw. Straight ahead, in the distance, was a silver structure that was crawling with Covenant and marines. The Covenant, from the looks of it, outnumbered the marines three to one. The alien bastards also had two Wraith tanks destroying human platoons two at a time. "Marines", Wasp said into his comm.-link, "this is Spartan Wasp coming to even the odds. Do you read me?" There was no answer.

Wasp went into a nosedive and started to fire upon the nearest Wraith. The tank didn't even have a chance to turn around and face its attacker before it was destroyed and was nothing more than a pile of scolding, purple alloy. The second tank however did turn around and started to unleash its plasma towards the Banshee. Wasp coordinated a crash course for the Wraith while dodging its shots. He pressed the purple button and the Banshee lurched into supersonic speed. Wasp then opened the hatch and jumped fifty feet into the raging battle below. He landed in a crouch position and unsheathed his newly acquired energy sword just as the Banshee crashed full speed into the Wraith exploding into a cloud of bright blue plasma. Bad-assâ€|

The explosion killed five Grunts and two of their platoon leader Elites. But that didn't stop them from charging towards the "demon". A Special ops Elite in black armor unsheathed its energy sword and rushed towards Wasp. Wasp blocked the attack with his own sword entering a sword lock with him. They were so close that the alien's breath left moisture on his MJOLNIR II visor. But something was startling the Elite. Wasp's armor slowly activated and he started to disappear before the Elites very eyes until he disappeared all together. Even the Energy sword disappeared. The Elite frantically looked around for the demon who was no longer there. Then a fifty-caliber bullet pierced the Elite's spinal cord leaving him paralyzed on the very spot he stood. Wasp armor revealed his position. He was standing on the wreckage of the Wraith he destroyed moments before. He holstered his sniper rifle and unleashed his uncontained fury upon his unexpected prey around him. As a lone vigilante he was dangerous, but as a Spartan he was godâ€|

After slaying every Covenant ground troop in the area, Wasp moved up the Forerunner structure's ramp and into the very depths of the structure, but he was too late. A marine signal blasted over his internal comm. "Anyone read we need help. The Covenant are too strong. They have over run sector 56 and are approaching our position. Oh my god they are breaking in! HELP-", the sound of Covenant plasma was the last thing Wasp heard. This was only more of a reason for him to fight the aliens. He will kill them slowly one by oneâ€|

To Be Continued in Spartan III: When the Wasp Strikes

****Disclaimer:**** Thank you to all the people who have been reading my story and giving me inspiration to write another chapter every week. If it weren't for you, Spartan III and Wasp wouldn't exist anywhere but my mind so I thank you.

****Spartan III: When the Wasp Strikes****

Wasp ran through corridor after corridor trying to reach the defenseless marines if there were any left. Just when he was starting to feel like he was getting nowhere, he came across a large room lined with silver columns. They were carved with letters and symbols that looked like Covenant dialects except much more detailed and perplexing. Before he even had a chance of observing the inscriptions further, a green beam of plasma barely missed his helmet catching him off guard. The brightness of the plasma left him temporarily blinded and dazed. He reached for his Energy Sword and activated it. He looked towards the origin of the blast and saw the Covenant's strongest ground troop; the Hunter. He grasped the blade of his sword and hurled it in the direction of the Hunter. With excellent accuracy the sword implanted itself in the Hunter's unarmored neck. Orange blood leaked from the fresh wound covering the Energy Sword that was lodged in the throat of the beast. After one last roar, the Hunter toppled over with shame of defeat.

"That was easy" said Wasp. He walked to the corpse and pulled out the blade. "Too easy", he finished. At that time, from behind each of the four columns a Hunter emerged. They all had their plasma cannons charged and locked onto his position. After seeing what happened to their "brother", they all had their alloy shields raised to protect their necks. Then, in unison, they all fired at Wasp.

Wasp ran as fast as he could away from his former position. Where he stood moments before was now a smoldering hole in the floor. He then headed to the nearest Hunter before it had a chance to charge up its laser and landed a punch to its armored face. The Hunter was not injured but momentarily distracted. Wasp then had enough time to grab the Hunter's neck and crack it with superhuman strength. The remaining three charged at him with murder on their minds. He grabbed one of his two fragmentation grenades off of his belt and hurled it at the Hunter. The explosive landed in the muzzle of the beast's fuel rod cannon and blew up instantly killing the Hunter and disintegrating their bodies. Wasp too was knocked off his feet and hurled into the wall behind him. On his HUD display, his armor's shield bar was depleted and sluggishly refilling. That was a first. Surely if he didn't have his armor on, he would have disintegrated along with the Hunters.

Wasp sat against the wall. His armor went back into its camouflage as he finally relaxed for the first time today. For a second he forgot about the marines and thought about himself instead. He tried to stand up but he sat back down when he met excruciating pain from standing on his foot. He tried to wiggle his toes but only felt splintering bone hit his tender nerves. The only reason he was able to stand a little bit was because of the hydrochloric giving his foot support. For the first time in his life he had been-

At that time a group of marines ran into the room taking tactical positions. They totally ignored Wasp even though his shields

deactivated when he looked at them. Only one tall marine came up to acknowledge him. "Some Spartan you are.", he said sarcastically. He took off his helmet and revealed his face. It was Carl.

"Come on. We have a lot to talk about.", Carl said smiling.

"Damn right you doâ€|", said Wasp under his breath.

"You did some good work down here. Don't worry about the marines. We got it covered.", said Carl. He pointed to three marines laying on stretchers. They were wrapped in blood stained bandages.

"You bastard.", said Wasp smirking. That was the first time he smiled since he was thirteen years old. Too bad no one could see it because of his MJOLNIR II armor...

Carl then grabbed Wasp's hand and helped him walk to the awaiting drop ship outside the temple. Mission one accomplishedâ€|barely...

To Be Continued in Spartan III: Right and Reason

6. Chapter 6

Spartan III: Right and Reason

The medics lifted Wasp into the back of the pelican. It took eight marines to lift him. Once on board a frantic marine medic injected Wasp with a strange serum. He felt the bones in his leg joining together again. He stood up to test out his newly mended leg. It was painful to stand on but he was used to pain. The same medic came up to him and stated to talk:

"How does your leg feel? I made the serum myself!", he spat out in under a second.

"You did good marine", Wasp said as he walked to the cockpit. "Carl, when are we going to get out of here?", he asked.

"Right now Spartan. I suggest you take a seat. Its goanna be a bumpy ride.", Carl said. He pressed the ignition button and "the bird" lifted off the ground. Wasp took a seat and started to polish his sniper rifle. His questions about how he got here would have to wait until he got back to H.Q. For now he would just relax.

Boom! A halve an hour later the pelican was hit with plasma fire. The alarms went off as the pelican went into a 70-degree drop. Marines flew out of the back hatch and were sent hurtling into the sky. Wasp looked out the hatch and saw two Banshee fliers charging their turrets. They were following the pelican.

"Oh shit", said Wasp.

Wasp's MJOLNIR II armor was dense and heavy enough to keep him from being sucked outside of the ship. He fell down to the cockpit area of the ship and was horrified by what he saw. Carl's lifeless body still gripped at the blood-covered controls of the pelican that he was flying moments before. Wasp grabbed his dog tags and put them around his own neck. Inscribed on them was Sergeant Carl Ridder of the 7th platoon. He will be avenged. The pelican reached a speed of 206 miles

per hour as it plummeted down to the ground. Wasp climbed back to the hatch of the ship. He took out his lucky Energy Sword and activated it.

"Don't fail me now", he whispered to it just as the Banshees started to fire.

Wasp leaped out of the hatch towards the Banshees. He headed straight for the nearest one and readied his Energy Sword. Just as he was about to pass the flier he stuck his sword into the hull killing the driver and grounding him to the aircraft. He then leaned to side using his enormous weight to steer the Banshee to the left. He was steering it towards the other pilot. He successfully crashed the two Banshees together leaving no more threats to him. But now there was only one problemâ€¦ He was in free fallâ€¦

Wasp remembers reading about a Spartan mission on Reach in which the whole team had to ditch their pelican also leaving them in this same position. How ironic... Wasp spread his arms and legs out trying to slow his fall but it was not working well. The ground was getting closer and closer every second and his heart started to beat faster. His armor was changing many colors as his mind raced. All his memories of his horrible childhood filled his mind. He was about to hit the ground when â€œ

"You passed.", said a familiar voice.

Wasp slowly and confusedly stepped out of the training simulator and was approached by Carl. Carl?

"What the fuck just happened!", screamed Wasp.

"You were in a simulator and you just came out", he answered.

"How long was I in there?", Wasp asked.

"3.5 seconds.", Carl said.

"But it was so realâ€¦", Wasp said.

"We have excellent technicians in the UNSC. They make it hard to tell what is real and what is not. Oh and your schedule has changed. Your first mission is tomorrow.", Carl said smirking.

Wasp stood in silence as Carl left the room. Wasp touched his neck and found a pair of dog tags. He went to read the name but there was no inscription on themâ€¦

To Be Continued in Spartan III: Mission One

End
file.